

Solitary Dreams

by Easter

Category: Digimon

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:20:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,892

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Images of yet another world... TK in danger.... a frightening lady who visits at night... These images have begun to haunt the Digidestined. In a desperate attempt to solve the puzzle, Tai visits an old friend, and brings all 8 children together once again

1. Default Chapter Title

SOLITARY DREAMS

Hi everyone. "Digi-Dorks: version 4.0" is a touch slow in coming, but it

WILL be good. So in the meantime, I've decided to submit part one of my

first serious fanfic, Solitary Dreams. It's not the best, but maybe it'll

help tide some of you over till I get around to submitting the next

"Digi-Dorks"

This fanfic takes place about six months after the end of the first season,

and Matt doesn't appear till about halfway through this, so bear with me,

all you Yama-Sama fans.

Thanks to Ucchan for being so nice with helping me, and to everyone

who sends me feedback. @---}------ a rose for all of you!!!

my email is yokomansion@hotmail.com

Here goes...

Solitary Dreams, by Easter

It was December, the year 2000. It had been a surprisingly cold winter for

Tokyo, and the Kamiya family (who had recently moved out of their Heighton

View Terrace Apartment and into a small home in a mainly residential district

of Tokyo) was finding it difficult to keep the driveway free of snow. Mrs.

Kamiya found her only solace in the fact that Christmas - her favorite

holiday - was a mere two weeks away.

"Honey," she said to her husband one night at dinner. "Christmas is coming..."

"Mmm,hmm" mumbled the man, sipping tea and glaring intently at a blurb in

the newspaper.

"You still haven't picked up our wreath, honey," commented his wife. "We do

it every year, remember?"

Mr. Kamiya set down his mug.

"I do remember, darling. We'll do it first thing this weekend."

She smiled. Then she turned to her son, Taichi. He was, as usual, stuffing

food into his mouth at a rate that would have had a normal person gagging

and sent to the emergency room. Now in sixth grade, Tai was undoubtedly one

of the most athletic boys in his class. He seemed to take school easier

this year. That is to say, he didn't complain and procrastinate as much as

he used to about his homework. He was more responsible, not so careless.

More successful too. He was determined to finish anything he had begun.

His mother beleived he was truly growing up. Maybe the best word to

describe Tai would be independent. He was certainly capable of caring for

himself, an occasionally for others as well. He was especially protective

of his younger sister Kari.

Hikari. At nine years old, she practically worshipped her big brother. It

was he who she looked to for guidance in all the important little matters

that arose in her life. There was a very strong bond between them. And

Kari had changed as much as Tai had. She rarely cried over spilled milk,

as the saying goes. She ws no longer driven under the covers at the sound

of thunder. And, like Tai, Kari had become more responsible. She always

did her chores without being told. Kari's cat, Meeko, had enjoyed some of

the benefits of this change. Now he was being walked and fed on a regular

basis!

Mrs. Kamiya felt so proud of both of her children. They and her husband

were the sun, moon and stars in her life.

"Tai," she said, covertly passing him a few napkins. "Maybe this Wednesday

when winter break starts, you should do something with a few of your

friends. You know, hang out or something."

At the words 'hang out' from his mother, Tai dropped his fork and slowly

looked up, mouth open and obviously full of rice.

"Mom," he said, wiping his mouth. "PLEASE don't say 'hang out'.

It's...

well it's a teenager word."

"But I think you should Tai." came the soft voice of Kari, who was seated

at Tai's right.

"Huh?" Tai looked at her. Kari rarely expressed her opinions, especially

those in regard to what actions others should take.

"I think you should." Kari repeated. "We both should. We should go see

Izzy"

At the mention of Izzy's name, Tai looked worried. For since their

adventures in the digital world (which were seldom discussed between the

eight children), some of them had grown apart. Izzy lived on the other side

of town. And in Tokyo, that's a long way away. In fact, the Kamiyas lived

pretty far from any of their digidestined friends. But Izzy had been

especially difficult to keep in touch with. He was always off in his own

world, always thinking about something. Tai supposed he had a lot to think

about. Since the digital world, the discovery of his parents' real

identities, and, last month, his invitation from the Japanese Educational

Committee to bypass 3 years of school and go directly to Senior High. Since

he was only 11, this was a rare event. Izzy had been so wrapped up in

studying and analyzing everything that he had grown apart from his friends.

Even the kind-hearted Sora, who only lived a few houses away from him, was

unable to bring Izzy fully out of his shell. Izzy's relationships with

everyone had become so cut off, that most of the children now called him by

his full name, Koushiro.

"Izzy!" Tai exclaimed, pulling himself out of his trance. "Wh-Why would we

go see IZZY?"

"He's our friend, right?" asked Kari innocently.

"Sure." Tai consented.

"Well, it's been such a long time since we last saw him." said Kari. "We

should go say hi."

"O-okay." Tai said reluctantly.

"It IS a good idea." their mother put in. "On Wednesday you can take the

bus to Izzy's district. Do you want me to come with you?"

"No thanks, mom." Tai said. "We'll be okay." he looked down and picked at

his food.

That night Kari walked into Tai's bedroom. Some moonlight shone through the

window, barely enough to see by. Before proceeding, the girl listened to

hear Tai's steady breathing, signifying that he was asleep. Once she was

sure of that, she walked over to where his computer was and began to rummage

through the drawers where he kept his disks and cd's. Then she moved to his

dresser. The girl thouroughly searched ever compartment, but couldn't seem

to find what she was looking for. Eyebrows knitted with perplexity, she sat

down on a pile of children's books. As she was worrying, a small light

cought her eye. It was not coming fron the window, but from the top of

Tai's unorganized heap of dirty clothes. The corners of her mouth twitched

into a smile, and she tiptoed over to the pile, grabbed the corner of the

light and silently leapt out of Tai's room.

She had not been gone 5 seconds, when Tai awoke with a start. He sat up and

anxiously stared out the door of his bedroom, as if expecting something. A

tense minute passed. When Tai finally laid back onto his pillow, he stared

at the ceiling for some time before he let sleep fall on him.

It was Wednesday morning, and Tai was waiting outside the door of his house,

with a bag full of food and some games slung over his shoulder. He was

wearing cargo pants, a blue sweater, and a dark green jacket. In his pocket

he carried enough money to pay the subway fare for him and his little sister.

He was waiting for Kari now.

"I'm here, I'm here!" the small girl cried happily. She wore a white turtleneck and overalls under her pink coat.

"Let's go," Tai said sullenly. The boy hadn't been looking forward to the

trip. It was almost like going to meet a stranger. He had no idea how Izzy

would receive them. Maybe he wouldn't want to see them. He might send them

away. Maybe he'd tell them never to come back. Maybe he'd-

"Tai," Kari interrupted his thoughts. "Are you all right? You look worried."

"I'm fine." Tai answered coldly. But since that nightmare...

It was a dream in which he and the others were back in the digital world.

They were gathered around what seemed like a big fountain. And there was a

ninth person among them. It was a girl, maybe two or three years older than

himself. She was talking to all of them like they were old friends. Tai

remembered her eyes most of all. They were very pale and a bluish-green

color. Her eyes were enormous and framed by long, dark lashes. But what

was most striking about them, was the clarity you saw. It was like you were

seeing into her world, you understood her entire life in a moment. Tai

thought he would never see eyes like hers as long as he lived. As they

were talking with the girl, a dark shadow fell over the place they were

standing. What happened next was confusing. A bolt of light flashed from

the darkness, straight towards Kari. Tai yelled as he thought it hit his

little sister. But the next thing he knew the darkness had gone, and Kari

was standing, alive and well. It was that ninth person who had taken the

attack. She was lying on the ground breathing with difficulty. The other

children rushed around her. TK was crying. Tai screamed up to the sky, but

no one was there...

"Tai?" Kari asked again.

They were at the subway station, waiting for their bus.

"Yes." Tai answered. "I'm fine, Kari."

Since that dream, Tai couldn't seem to talk to anyone. He didn't want to.

His friends at school and his family asked what was wrong, but Tai

couldn't

explain it to them. So he'd been trying to keep to himself. And Kari...

Tai kept telling himself it wasn't real, only a dream, but... every time he

looked at his sister he felt hatred burning inside him; real hatred. It

scared him, such a strong feeling against his own sweet sister. He wanted

to scream at her, that it was her fault that girl was dead. Yet he had to

fight against that instinct. After all, it was only a dream. What could

Kari know about it? And what did that ninth person mean to him? Nothing,

of course.

"It's our bus, Tai." Kari touched her brother's elbow. Tai raised himself

with a half-hearted smile at Kari, and walked to the bus. He paid their

fare and the siblings took a seat towards the back.

"Tai!"

Tai looked at his little sister, but her face was pressed against the window, watching the world outside.

"Huh? Who said my name?"

"It's me, Tai." A tall boy, about Tai's age, sat down in an empty seat

across the aisle from Tai. His blond hair was wildly askew and he wore a

black jacket with trademark blue jeans. The look emanating from his angular

blue eyes just said 'cool'.

"Matt!" Tai exclaimed.

"Yeah, it's me." Matt said. "What're you doing here?"

Kari crawled over Tai's lap.

"We're going to see Izzy!" she cried joyfully.

"Hey." Matt patted Kari on her head. "Guess you're bringing the little elf

with you too." Kari crawled over and sat with Matt, playing with him as if

he were her second brother.

Tai watched Matt. Six months ago, playing with an eight-year-old would have

been the last thing on Matt's priority list. But since the digital world,

Matt seemed to enjoy having younger people around. He didn't yell at his

little brother, Takeru (TK for short) nearly as much as he used to. His

friendships were stronger now. He guarded them with everything he had.

Matt was one of the few children who had not failed in keeping in contact

with EVERYONE since Digiworld. And although he still kept up his "too cool

for words" attitude, Matt didn't consider it below himself to get on his

hand and knees and play with a small child. Recently, he had taken a small

job babysitting his neighbors' six-year-old on Tuesday nights. Matt's full

name was Yamato, but it would have offended him if Tai had called him that.

"So where's TK?" asked Tai.

"Oh he's spending some time with dad." Matt answered, playing a clapping

game with Kari.

Matt and Takeru were brothers, but they lived in separate houses, with

different parents. This was a result of their mother and father going

through a difficult divorce. It was seldom talked about by Matt or TK. Now

Matt lived with his father, who worked for a television company, and TK

lived with his mother. The brothers didn't get many opportunities to see

each other. So usually, when one of them was visiting their other parent,

they took that time as strictly family time. It was strange for Matt to

leave the house while his brother was staying there...

"And what brings you out today, Matt?" Tai pressed.

Matt looked up, and his face took on a solemn, distant expression.

"That's kind of what I was hoping to talk with you about. I'm on my way to

Joe's house." Matt let Kari play with his keychain as he lowered his voice

to talk privately with Tai.

"I've got this feeling..."

"Yeah?" Tai said encouragingly.

"Well, for a while now I've had the strangest fear that... that.. TK is in

danger."

Tai knew how much Matt cared about his little brother. "What do you mean?"

he asked. "What kind of danger?"

"I don't know!" exclaimed Matt, falling back in his chair and letting out a

frustrated gasp. "That's what's been bothering me most of all. It's so

irrational! I have no logical reason to believe he's in danger! But this

has been so persistent...I feel as if I should be protecting him..."

"But from what?" Tai finished, biting his lip.

"Exactly. I don't know what to do. Joe's a pretty rational person, so I

thought I'd see him."

"Uh huh." Tai nodded.

"Tai... you look worried. Are you okay?"

"Uh, yeah. Fine."

Tai regretted saying it immediately. He wanted to tell someone. He wanted

to know the answer. He wanted Matt to know that he was worried too. If

they could just all be together again.

"Have you talked to anyone else about this?" Tai finally asked. Matt shook

his blond head.

"No. Well, I'm going to tell Joe. Unless you think there's some reason I

shouldn't..." Matt looked hard at his friend.

"Oh, no. No. You can tell Joe."

"Tai, is there something I need to know?" Matt's eyes narrowed in that

suspicious look of his.

"No. You'll let me know what Joe says, right?"

"Yeah. You sure you're okay?"

"Right. Sure. Fine. Hey," Tai said. "Isn't this the stop for Joe's

house?"

Matt's head snapped up. "Sure is. See ya Tai." Matt stood up and walked

out of the bus. He didn't look back until the bus was nearly out of sight.

Back on board the bus, Kari silently pocketed the keychain Matt had given

her.

Tai leaned back in his seat and let out a long breath. He watched his

little sister as she watched out the windows again, observing the buildings

rush by as the train went on its way.

So ends part one of Solitary Dreams, by Easter

Once again, my email is yokomansion@hotmail.com

I'd appreciate any feedback!!!. And I'm on Yahoo!Messenger as

bunny_olive

and my icq number is 72365700

feel free to contact me whenever.....and watch out for
"Digi-Dorks:

version 4.0: A Digital Murder Mystery"!!!! Coming soon to a
"fanfiction.net"

near you!!!!!!

`Easter

2. Default Chapter Title

Hey everyone,

Easter here, with Chapter Two of my serious story, "Solitary Dreams".

This part of the story is pretty dramatic, it's based on a book I
read, and on

the experiences of a friend of mine. (If anyone's read the book,
you'll know

almost right away what I'm talking about!) Please enjoy and
review!

Solitary Dreams, Chapter Two

The train had reached its destination, and the Kamiya children were
standing

in front of the Izumi household. It was a large, white house,
complete with

curtains on the windows and everything. Black trimming framed the
garage,

doors, and windows. A new black car sat in the driveway. Kari ran up
to

the front door and knocked.

"Kari!" Tai pulled her back, his anxiety obvious in the force he
used.

"Just stay by me, okay? Don't get overactive."

Kari lowered her head in meek assent, but jerked it up when Izzy's
adoptive

father opened the door. The tall man squinted through his glasses at

them,

until his dark eyes widened with astonished realization.

"Tai!" the man remarked. "Well, this is a surprise. Come on in."

"IZZY!" he called, as the children removed their shoes and laid them by the

door. "You have company!"

Tai stood by his sister in the entryway. He looked left, towards the

staircase he expected Izzy would appear at. Tai choked down his feelings of

apprehension and tried to maintain a nonchalant smile. What was taking him

so LONG?!

"Tai," came an amused voice from behind him. It was Koushiro, one hand

clutching a railing and the other gently atop Kari's head. He was thinner,

but not taller, than Tai recalled. He seemed especially pale; even more so

in comparison to the deep red hair that graced his head. The boy seemed to

put all his every into a simple smile directed at his long absent friend.

"Iz- Izzy..." Tai felt almost weak with compassion and guilt. "You're sick

again, aren't you?"

"S'nothing..." Izzy murmured. "Let's go up to my room, we can talk

there."

The visitors followed Izzy up to his room. It was a small, white, well-lit

room with few features aside from a window and curtains, a tall closet, and

a desk upon which sat Izzy's dear computer. Izzy placed himself in a chair

beside his computer, and invited Tai and Kari to sit on the bed. Kari soon

began to wander, unnoticed, through a file of cd's and computer programs.

"I've missed you Tai," Izzy said, in a slightly hoarse voice. "Why didn't

you ever write, or call, or anything?"

Tai didn't know what to say. His cheeks flushed in shame. "I- I'm sorry."

The other boy noticed Tai's discomfort and assured him. "It's all right, I

understand." He refrained from asking what Tai had been doing. He could

guess the answer well enough.

"So, what's going on in your life?" Izzy asked amiably.

"Oh...nothing special." Tai muttered. "But tell me what's happened to you....?"

Izzy in that moment got a look on his face of more anger than he'd ever

shown in his short lifetime. He stood, walked to the window, and looked at

the still, dreary day outside. His lower lip began to tremble as he spoke

quietly of what had happened.

"I told you that when I had just been born, the doctors at the hospital

diagnosed me with a brand new, virtually unknown form of brain disease.

They said I would never learn to walk, or talk....that I'd have the brain of

a one-year-old, and that I probably wouldn't live beyond my sixth birthday.

My parents - my real parents, I mean - were absolutely distraught and in

their desperation they asked for any way to prevent it. At that time the

medical staff introduced them to an operation-and-injection method of curing

certain forms of neurological disease. They said they'd love to have

me as

a test subject. They said they would pay us, and that it was the only

chance I stood of being cured. Despite the risks and the minute probability

of a full cure, my parents seized the opportunity, and allowed me to become

one of the first test subjects of the new operation. I remember falling

asleep, and waking with bandages wrapped around my head. For three or four

days I couldn't see. When the bandages were removed, and I was finally

allowed to leave the hospital and go home, I was scheduled for monthly

progress meetings, and a series of injections every three months..."

Tai gazed at his fragile friend, anguish filling his chest and mind. He

wanted to tell Izzy to stop, for fear of actually hearing what he knew was

going to come.

"When I was still very young, my parents were killed, and I began to live

with the parents I have now. At that point, my intellectual capabilities

rose as a direct result of the operation and injections. The knowledge I

rapidly gained brought me not only to my age level, but beyond that. It was

a huge relief to everyone; they all thought I was cured. And so did I,

until I had a bad case of pneumonia. It occurred right after that night of

the incident outside Heighton View Terrace. When I was admitted to the

hospital, I began to fade in and out of consciousness, and my mental

capacity slipped back to what it had been before the operation. As soon as

the pneumonia left, the doctors performed a second operation, to restore my

intelligence, and that operation appeared to be a success. Things went

smoothly for years. Nothing had ever seemed unusual about it until now.

But soon after we returned from the Digital World, I started sleepwalking,

and losing weight at a tremendous rate. My grades when I re-entered school

slipped, and I couldn't keep up with my classes. My parents figured I was

just tired....but when it didn't go away, we went back to the hospital..."

Tai choked.

"Turns out they knew all along that something like this might happen... the

operation had somehow reversed itself, and the knowledge I'd gained is now

dissappearing at a rate proportionate to the rate I aquired it. They knew

that the effects of the operation wouldn't last. I'm losing everything.

They said it's happened to others before me. My mind will, sort

of...deprogram itself and revert back the condition of the brain disease I

had at birth. Tai, they KNEW it would happen!!!!!"

Izzy slammed his fist against the wall and dropped to the floor. He

trembled in frustration.

"...and there's nothing they can do. Another operation would be useless, it

would only delay the deterioration...Tai....I have....six months more to

live...."

Tai turned and punched Izzy's pillow. Izzy looked up, face hopeless and a

painful red color.

"First, I'll start to forget little things....like my address or my

homework assignments. Then my speech and writing will deteriorate,
followed

by an unstable disposition and childish behavior patterns....a loss
of

coordination....finally I'll lose it all. No more walking or talking;
I

won't even recognize anyone. And soon after that...it's all
over."

"NO!" Tai cried. "No. How could this happen? Izzy, you're smart.

Smarter than all the rest of us...your crest is KNOWLEDGE!"

Izzy nodded helplessly. "Well, it's all for nothing." he said
bitterly.

"It'll all be gone...in six months..."

Kari looked up solemnly from her search in the corner. Suddenly a
glow

shone in Kari's eye, and she cupped the source tightly in her hands
to

stifle it. The boys didn't notice.

"It's because I'm not needed anymore..." Izzy said in anguish.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Why would my crest die if I was needed? Why would I lose all my
knowledge

if I were going to fight again in the Digital World? It's all over,
Tai.

I'm no longer needed. It's time for me to go..."

"That's crazy, Izzy! We need you here!" Tai shouted. "Don't give up
hope!

Something will happen!! You're only 11, you can't- nothing bad can

happen!"

Izzy looked hard at Tai. "Tai, have you been blind? Bad things happen
all

the time. 11-year-olds can die. And if I was needed, I wouldn't be

going...but Tai?" Izzy whispered the last part. "I don't want to die."

Tai sat quietly, not knowing what he could say to make things better, or if

anything could make things better. Then he recalled his dream...

"Izzy," he murmured. "I have something important to tell you..."

Tai recounted his nightmare to Izzy, leaving nothing out. Izzy appeared

interested, confused, nervous, then almost hopeful.

"Tai...your dream makes me recall something....." Izzy whispered. "Why

don't you go home and let me handle things for awhile? I'll call you

tomorrow, I promise."

"Are you sure?" Tai asked, reluctant to leave Izzy alone anymore. He had

wanted to be of help himself.

"Yes. This might mean something major for all of us..." He caught Tai's

concerned glance. "I'll be fine. It won't deteriorate much by

tomorrow...." he turned to his computer and connected to the internet.

Tai nudged Kari toward the door. "All right, Izzy. I'll wait for you to

call tomorrow...." Izzy was already absorbed in his computer, so Tai and

his sister quietly left.

They were walking down the stairs and had reached the bottom when they heard

Izzy's parents around the corner.

"All we can do," his father was saying. "Is make his last months worth it.

Please, darling, don't cry in front of him."

"I know," Izzy's mother sniffed. "But he's only a child. It isn't fair-

he's done nothing wrong!" she broke down, and there was no more talking.

Tai pushed Kari gently out the front door and onto a Tokyo street. A girl

in a blue helmet glided toward them on her bicycle.

"Sora." Tai acknowledged, with a half-hearted smile. "Hey."

The kind girl appeared anxious. "You've been to see Izzy, haven't you? And

he's told you all about it..."

"Yeah."

"I don't know what to do. Now that he's about to die...it's almost like he

WANTS to die. He doesn't feel like he's wanted or needed anymore."

"I know." Tai hung his head.

"Tai...what was Izzy doing when you left?"

"He had just gotten onto his computer. Why?"

"I need to see him. I've got a huge favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"Well..." Sora's face fell in a painful expression. "I was going to ask

him...if I could stay at his house overnight."

Tai was astonished. "Huh? Do you...like him or something?"

"Oh no! Nothing like that at all! It's...Tai, I really can't tell you.

I'm sorry." She gazed at the pavement.

Tai felt helpless once again.

"Well....is there anything I can do? You can always come to our house, if

you need to."

Sora looked up, surprised. "You mean that? Really, Tai? Can I stay at

your house tonight?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. Does your mom know you're-"

"Wait-" Sora was sullen again. "No, never mind....I've gotta go, Tai.

I'll see you later, okay?"

"O-okay." Tai watched as she rode out of sight. Kari looked after her,

eyebrows knitted. "Well," said Tai. "That was something strange."

The siblings walked to the subway station and hopped a bus back to their

home. The rest of the day passed in anxious solitude for Tai, as he

pondered the day's events over and over in his mind. At 9:35 that night the

phone rang. It was a call from Matt.

"Did you see Izzy?" Matt asked in an excited voice.

"Yeah! He acted really strange...." Tai decided to let Izzy tell Matt about

his disease. "I think he might know something. He said he would call me

tomorrow. How did it go with Joe?"

"It was strange. He didn't seem a bit surprised when I told him about my

weird feelings. He said I should let it sit, and that I should talk to

somebody else. I'm thinking of seeing Izzy myself tomorrow."

"As long as you and I are both getting in contact with him, why don't we all

meet."

"You mean--"

"I mean ALL of us; all eight."

Matt chuckled. "We haven't all been together since the Digital World.

It'll sure be nice to see everyone again."

"I think we've got some important things to discuss." said Tai seriously.

"Tai, really, is there something you're not saying?"

"I'll talk to you tomorrow Matt."

"All right. Bye."

"Bye." Tai hung up the phone and went to sleep. Their first meeting since

the Digital World. It was sure to be a complicated one.

He shut off the light.

TO BE CONTINUED....

So, what does everyone think? Please review for me!

Thanks for reading!

End
file.